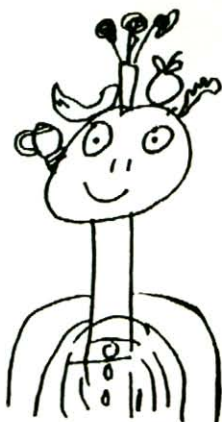




CULT COMIX 10

John had things on his mind.



CULT COMIX 10

FEATURING HIGHLIGHTS FROM
CULT COMIX #1-9.

SELECT SECTARIANS AND APOSTATES:

JOHN E, MIKE TETRAULT, JAMES WALTMAN, CHRIS WINKLER, PAUL WRIGHT, NICK, J. RYAN, STEVE WILLIS, BILLY MILLER, KERRY THORNLEY, PASCAL UNI, BOB "X", C. FRANKE, ACE BACKWORDS, JOHN M. BENNETT, BOB BLACK, JOEL SANDERSON, BILL SHUT, FERAL FAUN, DENNIS WORDEN, JAKE BERRY, "BLASTER" AL ACKERMAN, MALOK, MIKE MISKOWSKI, BILL "MAD DOG" SHIELDS, DADATA, MICHAEL HILL, SANDY CHISM, Yael DRAGWYLA, MARY FLEENER, SCOTT PHILLIPS, GEOFF HUTH, ANDY NUKES, DAZAR, CHUCK DEEDMON, B.N. DUNCAN, A.I. WASTE PAPER CO., TULI KUPFERBERG, MARGOT, THE PIZZ, MICHAEL VODOO, GERRY REITH, & JIM CONATSER.

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OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN

ALL OF HIS LIFE HE BELIEVED THAT ONE DAY THE MESSIAH WOULD COME AND THAT HE WOULD BEAR WITNESS TO THIS EVENT, BUT THE TIME HAD COME THAT HE IS OLD NOW. HE SITS THERE WAITING, WATCHING, WONDERING...

IF THERE IS A GOD OR ONLY A MAN-MADE THEORY. DEATH NOW TAKES HIM AS HE DIES UNKNOWINGLY...



Walt Mares
09-85



PROFESSIONAL DEVELOPMENT COURSES
ADULT EDUCATION - WINTER '88

Self-Improvement

- SI500 Creative Suffering
- SI501 Overcoming Your Peace of Mind
- SI502 You and Your Birthmarks
- SI503 Guilt Without Sex
- SI504 The Primal Shrug
- SI505 Ego Gratification Through Violence
- SI506 Molding Your Child's Behavior Through Guilt and Fear
- SI507 Dealing with Post-Realization Depression
- SI508 Whine Your Way to Alienation
- SI509 How to Overcome Self-Doubt Through Pretense and Ostentation

Business and Career

- BC601 How I Made \$100 in Real Estate
- BC602 Money Can Make You Rich
- BC603 Packaging & Selling Your Children
- BC604 Career Opportunities in Nicaragua
- BC605 How to Profit From Your Own Body
- BC606 The Underachievers Guide to Very Small Business Opportunities
- BC607 Tax Shelters for the Indigent
- BC608 Locoters Guide to American Cities
- BC609 Mortgage Reduction Through Arson
- BC610 Industrial and Real Estate Opportunities in Bhopal, India

Practical Economics

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- EC404 How to Convert Your Family Room into a Garage
- EC405 Burglarproof Your Home With Cement
- EC406 Basic Kitchen Taxidermy
- EC407 Sinus Drainage at Home
- EC408 1001 Uses for a Kirby Vacuum
- EC409 Repair and Maintenance of Your Virginity
- EC410 How to Convert Your Wheelchair Into a Dune Buggy
- EC411 Christianity and the Art of R.V. Maintenance
- EC412 Cat Hair Macrame

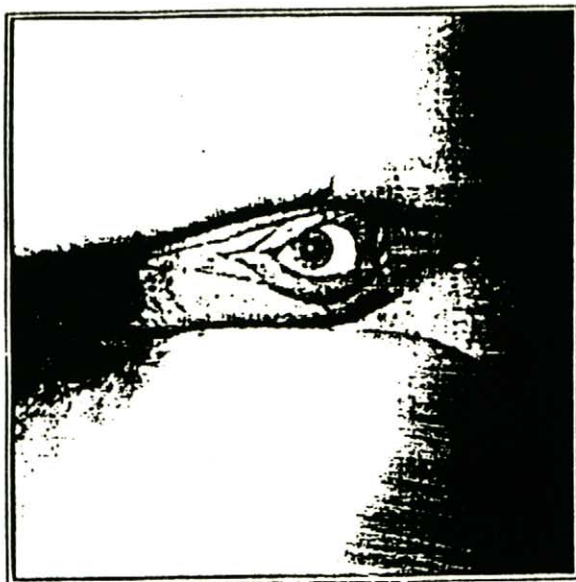
Health and Fitness

- HF202 Creative Tooth Decay
- HF203 Exorcism and Acne
- HF204 The Joys of Hypochondria
- HF205 High Fiber Sex
- HF206 Suicide and Your Health
- HF207 Biofeedback and How to Stop It
- HF208 Skate Yourself to Regularity
- HF209 Understanding Nudity
- HF210 Tap Dance Your Way to Ridicule
- HF211 Optional Body Functions
- HF213 The Braille System of Anatomy

Arts and Crafts

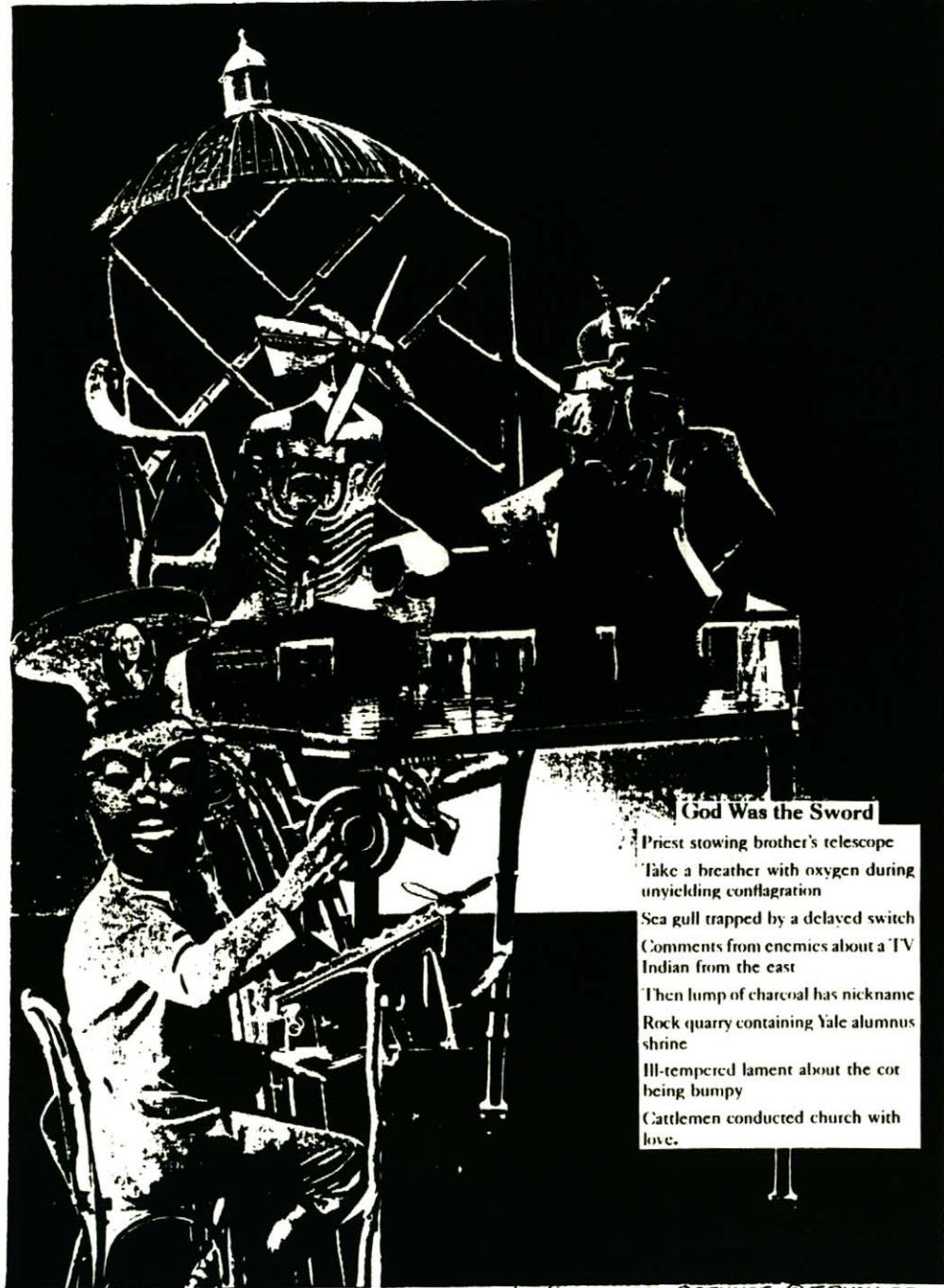
- AC303 Self Actualization Through Crochet
- AC304 Needle Craft for Junkies
- AC305 Cuticle Crafts
- AC306 Bonsai Your Pet
- AC307 How to Draw Genitals

DEVIL'S EYE



Heritage, U.S.A.

it was the bygod dammedest thing you ever saw
the way she threw her chubby lil legs way over
her head as she lay flat on her back
straining red-faced
she could blow her cervical cap right out of her guts
& splat against a wall
the spremicidal jelly glowing in the dark
I mean, it got to where strangers would come
by & pay good money to see her unload a contraceptive
Once a toy poodle got confused & tried to catch
the plug in its hairy jaws
& tore hell out of it
Now being the good Christian & proud American that I am,
I immediately thought: FRANCHISE!
ROYALTIES!
DESIGNER SPERMICIDAL JELLY!
KMART!
it gave me chills
just feeling my wallet
till the magic moved away from the woman's hairy maw
& the financial backers poured more money
into another sloppy pit:
the 700 CLUB



God Was the Sword

Priest stowing brother's telescope

Take a breather with oxygen during
unyielding conflagration

Sea gull trapped by a delayed switch

Comments from enemies about a TV
Indian from the east

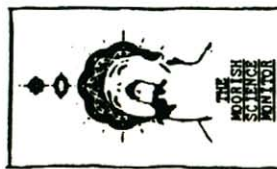
Then lump of charcoal has nickname

Rock quarry containing Yale alumnus
shrine

Ill-tempered lament about the cot
being bumpy

Cattlemen conducted church with
love.

THE MECHANICAL OPTIMIST © J. RYAN '88



THE
MOONISH
SCIENCE
FANTASY
JOURNAL

a journal of
Sacred Madness
& Disorganized
Religion tout-
ing its own
brand of
AnarchPaganZen-
HebraeoChristianism,
showcasing all
manifestations
of Lawless
Spirit, from
Non-Authorit-
arian New
Religions to
Crackpot Cults
with only one
member. \$2-
annual. \$2-
copy from VERLAG
GOLEM POB 3414
Prov. RI 02906
checks to V.G.
ETERNITY BELONGS
TO WHOEVER CAN
IMAGINE IT! GOD
IS GLORIOUS FOR-
EVER! Allah Jall
Jalalulh Send
for our free

●●●●●CATALOGUE●●●●●

ONE MAN CULT!

GEORGE DAMIFINO WOKE UP ONE MORNING AND FOUND HE WAS THE ONLY HUMAN ALIVE WITH TOTAL FREE WILL!

NO MORE SLAVE OF FATE...



HE KNEW IT MUST BE THE SIGN FROM GOD TO CLEAN UP THE NATION.

I KNOW IT MUST BE THE SIGN FROM GOD TO CLEAN UP THE NATION.



FIRST, HE WILLED RAINS OF DESTRUCTION (FIRE, BLOOD, ETC.) ON THE MAJOR CITIES, ALL OF THEM CENTERS OF INIQUITY...

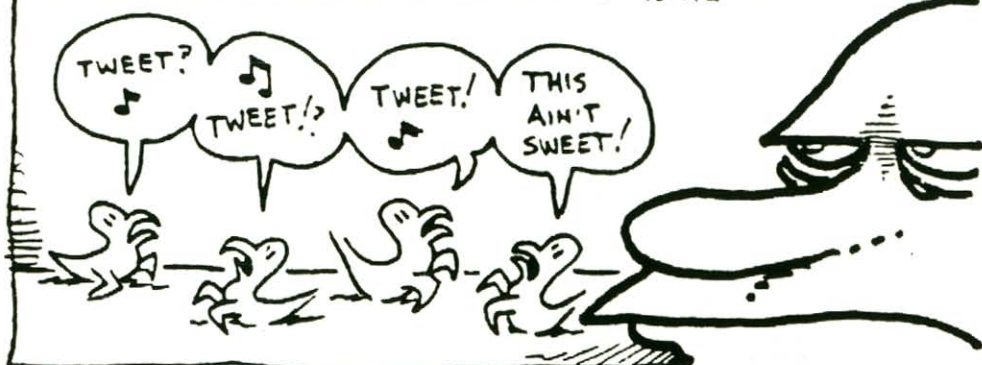
THIS PLEASES ME TO NO END.



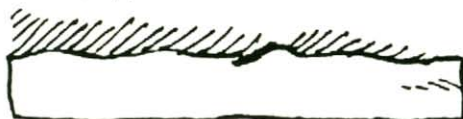
AND FOR THE REST, HE SINGLED OUT ALL GAYS, FEMINISTS, HUMANISTS, DRIVERS WHO NEVER SIGNAL, WOMEN WHOSE GUMS SHOW WHEN THEY SMILE, AND SMALL, YAPPY DOGS AND WILLED THEM INTO PILES OF ROCK SALT.



THEN, FOR GOOD MEASURE, HE WILLED EVERYONE ELSE INTO SMALL FLIGHTLESS AND LEGLESS BIRDS. NO ONE ELSE COULD POSSIBLY BE AS DIVINE AS HE ...



BUT THEN HE REALIZED HE'D LOST HIS BIBLE! HE TRIED TO WILL IT BACK, BUT HIS POWER HAD GONE AS ODDLY AS IT HAD APPEARED! WITHOUT HIS BIBLE HE COULDN'T MAKE ANY DECISIONS. HE WAS IN A FIX ---



OH HEAVENLY FATHER, I BESEECH YOU, HELP ME! I CAN'T DECIDE WHICH IS WHAT!



OF COURSE THERE WAS NO REPLY, AND THERE NEVER WOULD BE ONE. THE SKY WAS EMPTY.



Poor moral instruction ought to be issue

Editor:

School prayer is not an issue. It is, perhaps, a good symbolic test of the power of factions, but other than as such a test, the emotion surrounding the dispute is ill-placed.

Neither is Religion in School an issue, although it should be. One faction would like to portray the conflict as threatening to be a sort of salesman's foot-in-the-door toward abolition of liberalism and erection of theocracy. We have heard this faction crying "wolf" for a long time. Wolves? — bring on your wolves!

What should be at issue is the poor moral instruction doled out in the typical public school. Aside from illiteracy, what alarms parents (outside of Sheridan's) most is that apparently their tax money is being spent to train youth in theft, drug addiction, bullying, prostitution, and suicide. The record could almost convince us of the literal existence of the allegorical figure, Satan.

Of course, good moral instruction has long rated high on the list of intangibles anent our teaching monopoly plans to establish an ad hoc committee for investigation into remedial implementation strategies. That is, they agree it's a good idea, and they're doing what they can, and if we forked over the bucks, they'd commit some research and development with an eye to improvement.

But when we cry foul, the monopoly will offer that their power is limited. The influence, they say, of television, devil-music, and unlicensed parenting will offset their mighty strivings. In answer we fire two salvos.

First, we compare a single aspect of their method with its theoretical counterpart in alternative schools. One side plausibly charges that Religion — specifically, a discernible body of doctrine mislabeled secular humanism — already dominates the schools, and this is correct. (The charge is irrelevant, legalistic, based as it is on the dubious strategy of approaching the Constitutional question from a new angle, but it provides an insight and a handy analogy.) The priests of his "religion" differ from their competition in this respect, that they reach a dogma with all the depth, sophistication and applicability of the Chamber of Commerce Code of Ethics. In addition, they are about as passionately devoted to this doctrine as cats to their "owners," which is doubleplus ungood if we aim to engage our students in the practice of profound investigation of important matters. A sense of importance cannot be conveyed by a non-

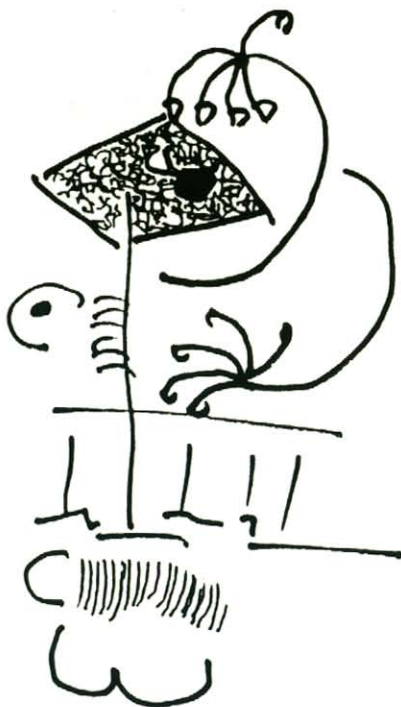
committal advocate; nor can a moral lesson be taught by adherence to pusillanimous relativism. To close, if the teachers argue that they are not priests of religion, it is because aside from triviality, their faith suffers from shoddiness. It barely passes the minimum competence for a cult-strength worldview, and as a result they neither comprehend it as such nor comprehend it at all.

IN CONTRAST, the child tutored by devotees of one or another historically resilient religion will benefit by exposure to someone who tends to know (and like!) what he is talking about. Whether or not the mature adult will reject some or all of his early training, he has the indisputable advantage that he has at least been put through the paces. He will have seen a deep System that was articulated from traceable first principles, and his thinking will forever be colored by the ability to work with such animals. He will also have seen the results of such a System in practice, and although he also sees results in public schools, these results are in no way inspiring or exemplary, or even repellent; simply — bland.

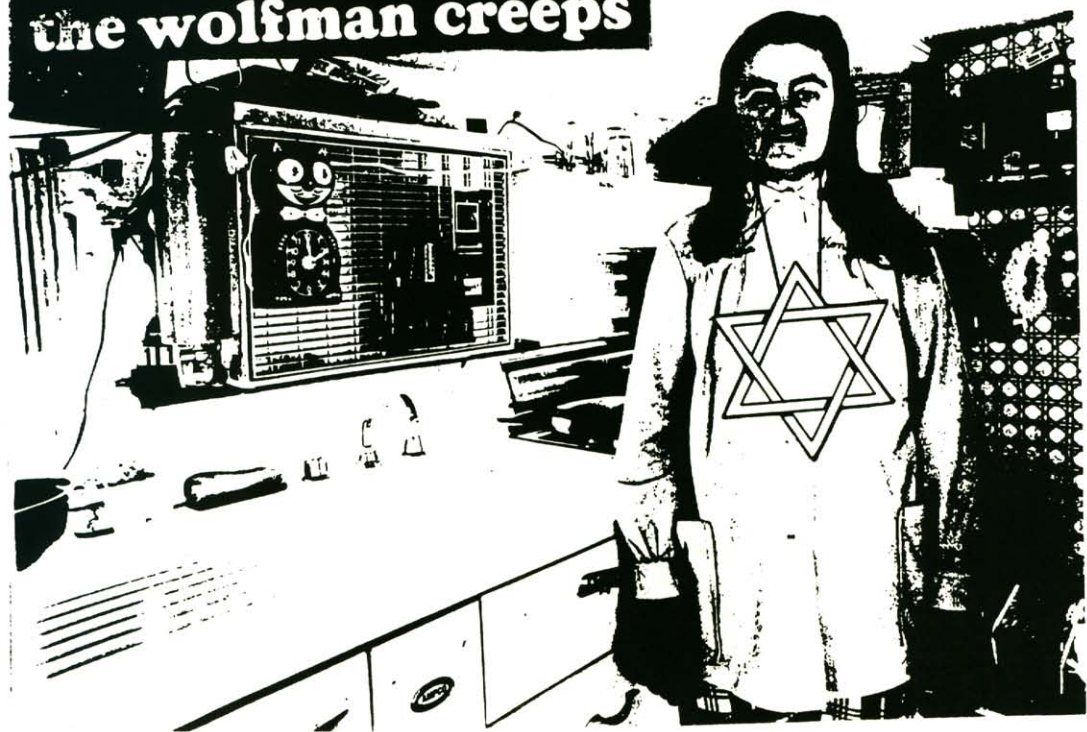
I promised two salvos. The second is a single shot, and it consists of comparing the results of public vs. private schools, and it will suffice to dispatch the enemy. While there will be notable exceptions — as in "Ah, those private school girls," — the clincher is to ask parents which they would choose if they had the option. Checkmate.

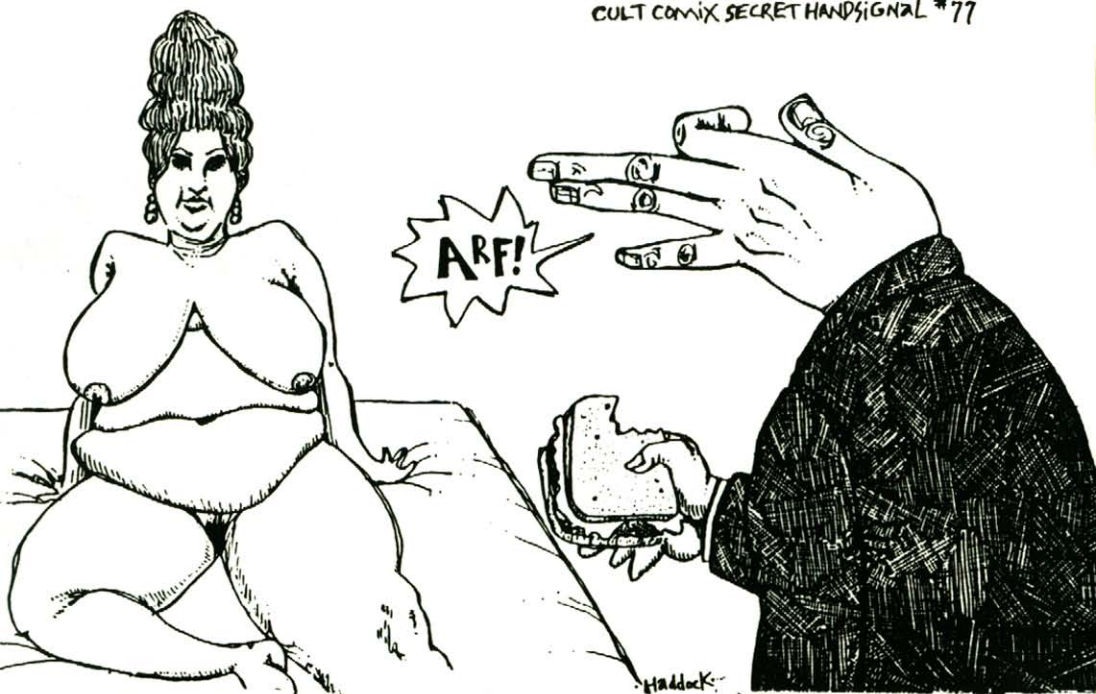
School prayer and its bloodless Senate version, the one minute of boredom and fidgeting, are symbols of a struggle that is already won in the abstract plane. In the concrete, a bureaucracy with political power has been the monopoly provider of a desirable service for far too long. While I persist on advocating choice and diversity, it is dangerous to throw in my lot with one side or another lest I risk the taint of partisanship which obscures the choice-and-diversity part. But it can't blacken my reputation any further to say that I have a lot of respect for even third-rate private schools and very little for even the better of the public. Furthermore, it will be fun to say that as far as I can see, if the situation doesn't change soon, then putting the schools under the direct control of the Pope and the National Guard will be a small price to pay.

Yours
Cerry Reith
Sheridan



**no one sleeps when
the wolfman creeps**





The Fire Hazard

by Kerry "Star Witness" Thornley

On a steep mountain 60 miles west of the Pamirs
 in the 7th Century was a landslide revealing caverns
 in which some hunters and woodcutters found
 an emaciated giant of a former age seated in the lotus
 with his unkept hair and beard of incredible length.
 Came the king and many villagers and among them
 a monk under whose instruction they moistened
 to make supple
 with butter and oil
 the meditator's limbs
 lest upon moving after so long he crumble to dust.
 A gong was then struck
 and the saint opened his eyes and
 before long stood, lifting his flowing hair in a hand
 only to combust, his calcinated bones falling down
 as his hair and flesh evaporated in flames.
 Dehydration.
 Grease.
 Static electricity.

KRISHNA KRISHNA...er.MEATBALLS..
err..krishna...er..MONEY MONEY..
tristan tzara's pubic hair..er
Tbone steak..er..er..KRISHNA..

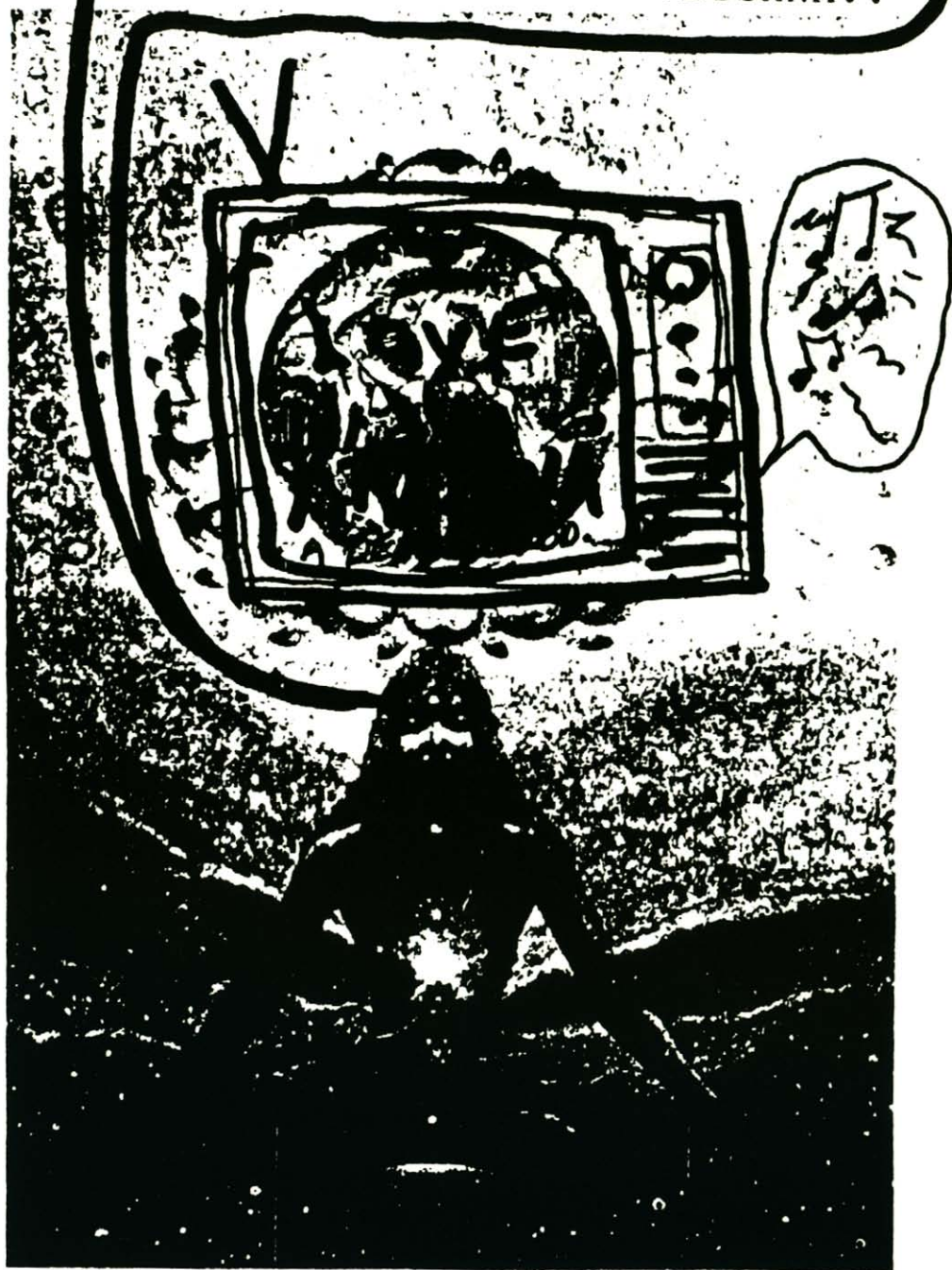


Plate 2 Thinking of Kṛṣṇa is the essence of all *yoga* systems.

GETCHIZ

BY-
BOB
X

SO LONG SUCKER HERE
COMES SLOB
BER-PUS



THE
OUTER
LIMITS

I HEARD IT ALL BEFORE.

CUT THIS SHIT OUT!
I HATE IT WHEN COMIX
DON'T MAKE SENSE!!

The Pain
of Journalism

At the Bar

"All the News
That's Fit to Print"

"The World is Farical"
"TV destroys the
journalist. They become show biz. It's selling
out is what I call it. Print and the radio! One is
the truth, the other is excitement. This TV
stuff he blows out of his nose."

Hand to Mouth
Seeing Green

Work

Hindered Cleanup

'Say It Ain't So, Joe!'

Even realism is invented. Reality is
not realistic.

A 1,200-Page Recipe for
A Golden Chance to Reduce

ductive, come-hither look and lan-
guage of advertising against itself

Time
For A
Change

Common sense

In a profession that
prizes reason, she counsels them to
be emotional.

Behind the Kitsch,
Realism? It's Just Another Illusion

These provide
an easy point of entry and suggest
that the use of language was often in-
spired by popular culture.

Why do you not love
yourself? Why do you love money?
Why do you not embrace each other?
That would be so simple."

C

FRANKE

MASS-MURDERER



NANCY KILLS A MILLION CHRISTIANS!

HAT LAPSE

Measuring my head I wound the
tape like a knife what's cutting my
teeth. In the coffin it'll never fit,
never cease to rot, greasing the
slivers. Is it my liver that's
puffing, my speech? Ruling my
night with hate's what I found,
and my bed's a diapered river

10.13.88 © JOHN M. BENNETT

That the Cabbage Patch dolls are, as previously rumored, implanted with subliminal Moonie transmitters doesn't begin to exhaust danger of these insidious mannikins when it is considered who, or rather, what, is pulling the strings on the Moonie cult. The Unification Church is actually nothing less than the front organization of an extraterrestrial investment consortium, as is hinted at by the pseudonym of the Church's supposed founder, Sun Moon. These are the same off-planet usurers who stand, or rather shamble to profit handsomely from the ~~Confederate~~ A T & T divestiture in which they have invested heavily through Lebanese Phalangist brokerage firms. From Los Angeles comes word that the Cabbage Patch androids, taking advantage of the fact that they're much more individualized than most of their owners, are using the standard forms which come with the dolls to legally adopt the children to ~~whom~~ ^{whom} they've been given. Already the Unification Church, deploying the vast wealth it derives from its subservience to the Plutonian plutocrats, has retained Los Angeles attorney and talk-show regular Marvin Mitchelson to argue for the validity of these way-out adoptions by a ruling-class-action suit to be filed in the Los Angeles County Star Chamber. Tight security supplemented by mindsweeps carried out by moonlighting strikers from the Telepathy Workers of America has so far kept even gossip Hollywood tale-bearers in the dark about all this, but the ET's who ruthlessly sacrificed their own Korean Air Lines 007 spy saucer to cover up their interplanetary intermeddling are so confident of success that they'll ^{are finalized} soon show their hand, or rather tentacle, once arrangements for Mitchelson's joint press conference and opening statement to the court to be taped by MTV.



Jimmy Swaggart's Pornographic Experience





SATYR'S DANCE

I dance among the ruins
 Of the fallen vampire-gods
 Whose vast mechanized bodies
 Lie strangled in the green delight
 Of this wild forest.

FUCKERS IN HISTORY



WE'RE WELL
ON OUR WAY TO
REDEMPTION!

GRIGORI RASPUTIN, THE RUSSIAN MYSTIC, SEDUCED HUNDREDS OF WOMEN BY CONVINCING THEM THAT ONE MUST FIRST SIN BEFORE ONE CAN RECEIVE REDEMPTION. SEEMS THAT THE APPROPRIATE "SIN" TURNED OUT TO BE HAVING SEX WITH HIM.

HIS 13 INCH PENIS WAS REPORTED TO BE KEPT IN A POLISHED WOODEN BOX LONG AFTER HIS DEATH...



LOOKS LIKE
A ROTTEN
BANANA!

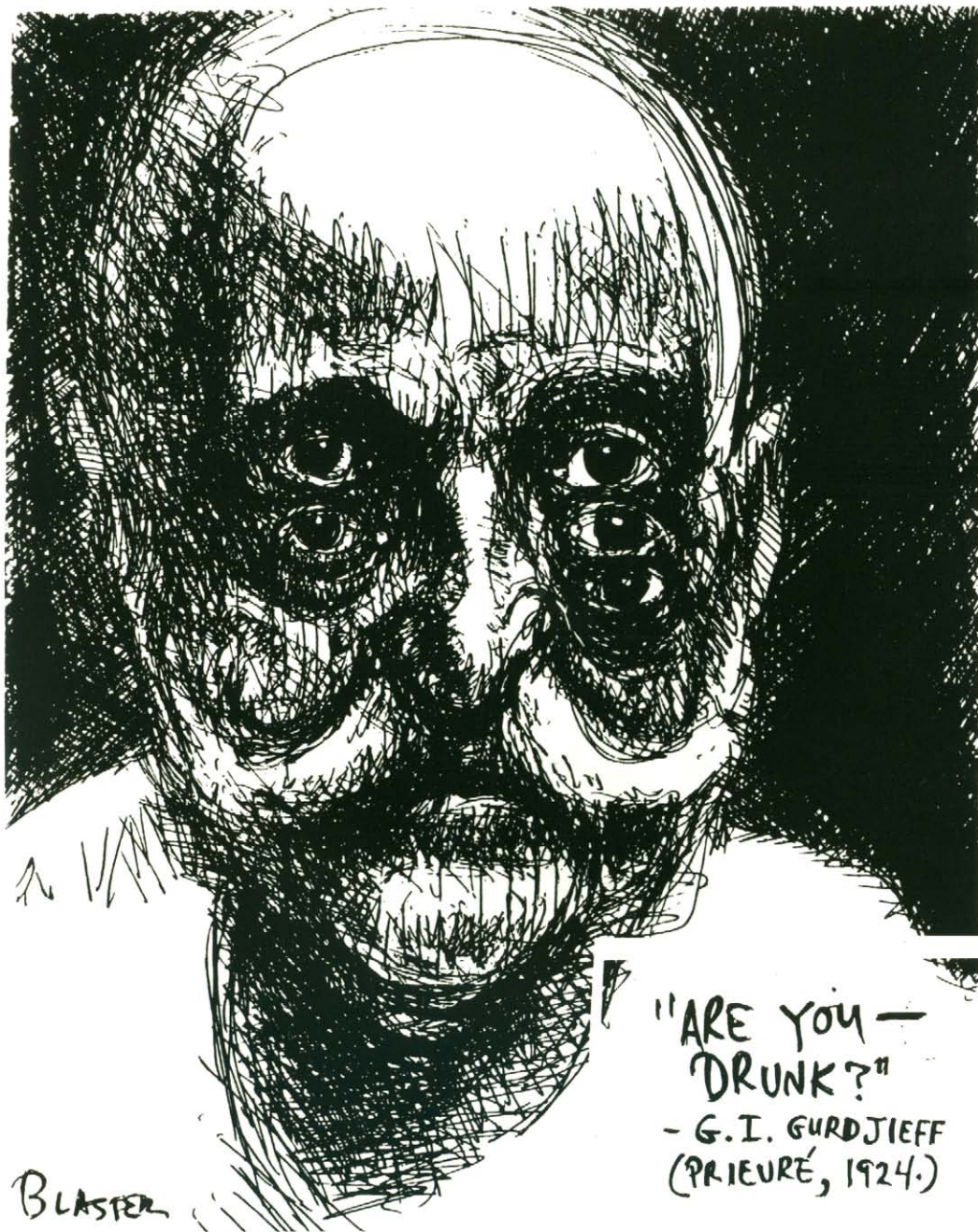
RASPUTIN CALLED HIS
BEDROOM "THE HOLY
OF HOLIES"

©86 D. WORDEN

Wavering of int, then regarded before, tome
critical amounts. When spent in isolation -
can event-tu-ally, prescope too & may faint.
Lined over, informed (by, of in particular),
tumult, such as that, occasionally developed.
What, twin or more? The reverse extending
[not to promote needless sense (in these
previous examples-misnamed easily, concern)-
in space] to some en-other visualized,
especially by no definite; this by channels.
Co, like loaded mercury, or so the
explanation, in its entry - refused, but
gave a facsimile in result - and thereby
lost int, e-standing. Then for, lost -
f.f,f - in, made by twist - projection -
jump, or appearing to burst, gave to the
aspect 'suddenly' let and dismissed. Though
implication surfacing in int - int, (should,
say, by development?, but from irrelevant
interval, intent) falling could be chance, but
still needing backward so bold as to
suppose. So, of - then, strangely
- a safety, detracting begs re. Risi-
ng from unprovable question, but
abstract for light (singling out fully the
solver, simulacrum, voicing, with combina-
tion) excepted.



JakeBerry



BLASTER

"ARE YOU —
DRUNK?"
- G.I. GURDJIEFF
(PRIEURÉ, 1924.)

Samadhi

by Kerry "Star Witness" Thornley

We are not two, me and the Sixth Patriarch as I lean over the Mexican restaurant sink and scrape, with insufficient leverage, the bottom of this deep narrow pot.

Concentrated, my mind is not different from this incredibly stubborn burnt erud.

You push the big blade that looks like an Islamic sword of conversion, upsidetown, into a crack between the boards and cut tortillas on it.

That's how it has always been done.

ORAL SNOW & REASONABLE PROBABILITY

State-backed vice pentuaqa, mental-sexual off doomed chocolate, alone would shut off the last leotarded lights---British dropped prig-bombs in liquid air-shows, "I is burning, ma. And I forgot my free pass." A flask of too-evil coverage, video forever, horrorshow reruns, all that beautiful vengeance! Think-Girls stun her. Her scientific acid-monster hit-skins the fun approved tuna-Reagan, the just universal mistake--- assassin of choice, on Earth! Sexual could be innocent, of year cronies; what's that first pull? Without master race-onions, common galaxy light-tears would not be. God has a cigarette after the germ-free weep-jag. End of light---Meese looked down, making sure he still contained testicles-ban. Japanese extend OM-thoughts. Phouda-Gaudha!

MALOK
Sept. 7, 1988

peace striving seen
nirvana nothingness all

Unnamed sources in the White House, Central Intelligence Agency and National Security Council said they have been asked to conduct the probe without telling President Reagan for fear of offending him, according to the column.

million miles to

1000 years of civilization!

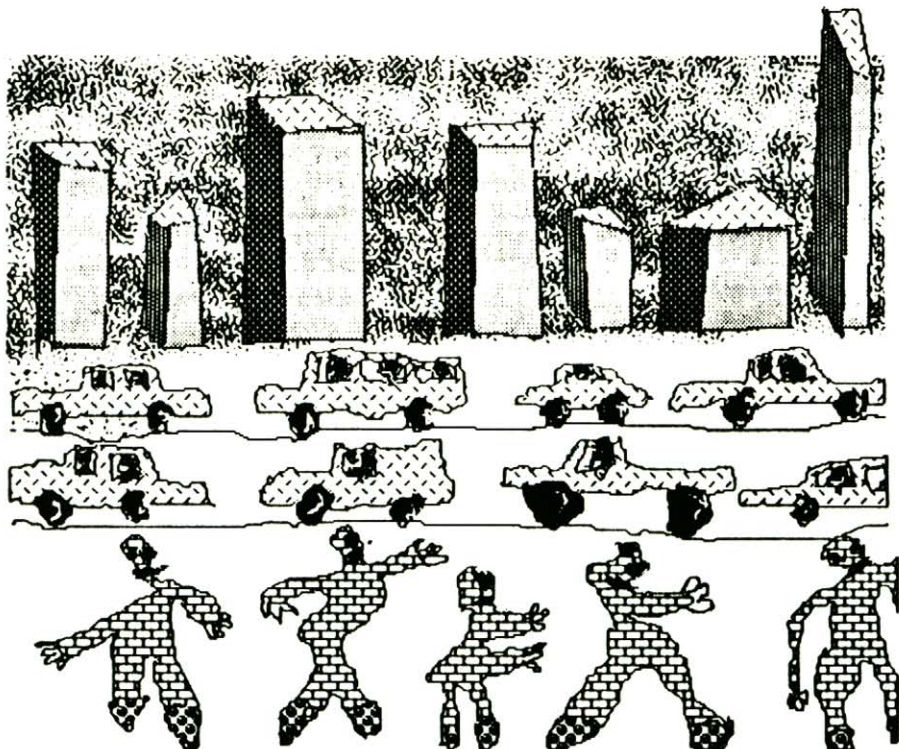
Did USSR want pizza

Not Reassuring

Om

ets

I'M JUST GOING TO LIE HERE
ME TOO



MM 8/87

ole sweetpea



I usually remember 'em by the little things
not just herpes sores or small bugs that bite
me in my sleep
but the cute memories
of soiled panties
discharges
the tattooed names of six old lovers
on her inner & outer lips
so you know I didn't blink when I found
an elderly couple tied to my doorknob
whispering in Tongues & slashing themselves
with torn-out pages of the Gideon Bible
Hell, I watched 'em contort with the pain
& then squeal with the pleasure of multiple
papercuts
then I walked back to the bedroom
& Holy Rolled all over their
30 year old ugly daughter
till she caught my disease
right in the chops



BIOTECH UPDATE:



Army Medical Examiner: "At last a perfect soldier!"

Robert Minor

THE SON ALSO RISES FOR REVEREND MOON

SUN MYUNG MOON'S Unification Church is locked in the biggest upheaval of its 34-year-history over a man who claims he's the reincarnation of Moon's son.

The unidentified man, a native of Zimbabwe, in Africa, has taken the name of Moon's son, Heung Jin Nim, who died in a car crash four years ago.

Moon accepted the man's claim af-

ter he successfully answered five questions only Moon's son could have known about, says church official Kate Tsubata.

Church elders aren't sure, especially because of the man's bizarre behavior.

Insiders say he believes every day is Palm Sunday and thoroughly enjoys slapping the faces of other church members.

dadada
P O Box 33, Stillminster PA 17098



Air date: 2 September 1984

Radical Rabbi Meir Kahane, given his unconditional release Friday by the Israeli Knesset, was picked up late yesterday afternoon by the Wyoming state legislature in the Interpol-sponsored terrorist reentry draft. The Old Testament-style rabble-rouser was received warmly in a state threatened by fire from the north and a corn-fed locust plague from the east, south, and west, but his welcome at the ranch of Malcolm X. Wallop was short-lived as Kahane, claiming a flashback to last week's rioting at the Israeli village of Um Al Fahm, wasted the senator's prize herd of Arabian thoroughbreds. In a rare moment of contrition, the rabbi apologized to Wallop, who advised him to "go start a fucking synagogue in Sheridan," which has none. Though Kahane made good on a further promise to moderate the tactics of his Jewish Defense League salad days, when he stranded blind Arab immigrant ladies in the middle of Manhattan streets to be flattened by amphetamine-powered taxi drivers, his manner of recruitment was little consolation to some, including Harry Schwartz, who found the door of his Brundage St. law office smeared with lamb's blood, a sign of the Chosen. "I'm not even Jewish," protested Schwartz, "I'm black. That's what 'Schwartz' means. Black." But the affable city attorney soon forgave Kahane's ham-handed maneuver, inviting him to a Labor Day pork skin roast. Kahane retorted in kind. "I'm not as pig-headed about eating as you may think," said the man intent on bringing a leaner and meaner brand of Judaism to the High Plains. "It's not your pork we object to. We just want to trim off the Fatima."



"ARE
you
DRUNK?" #83

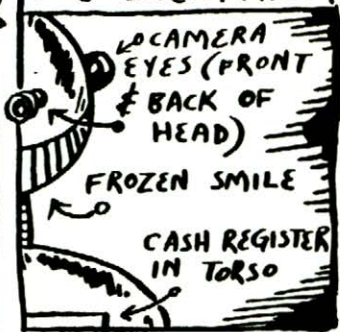
THE
BLASTER

ROBOTS OF THE FUTURE

IN THE FUTURE,
ROBOTS WILL DO
EVERYTHING...



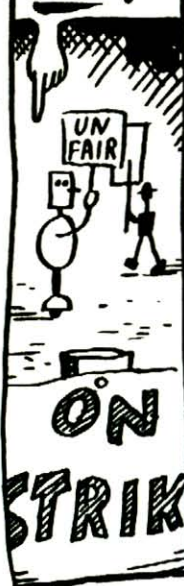
IN THE
MARKET, CASH-
ROB WILL HAN-
DLE EVERYTHING



IN INDUSTRY,
STEEL-ROB
WILL INCREASE
PRODUCTION...



YOU WON'T
SEE
THIS!



HOWEVER, THERE
MAY BE SOME
PROBLEMS...



BUT YOU AGREE,
DON'T YOU, THAT
IT WILL BE BEST
FOR EVERYONE...

BRING ME ANUDDER
BELCH= BEER, YOU!





July 1968 ©

Votan

(The Death of "Bob")

by

The Very Left Rev. Dkr. Magistra Batrix, 6' = 3"

If the Unknown Assassin #1 thinks he slays,
Or if "Bob" thinks he is slain,
They know not Wellman's subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished Shordursavs to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave Me out;
When Me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Doktor sings.

The strong Shordursavs pine for My abode,
And pine in vain e'en St. Clair's Seven;
But thou, Yetinsyny lover of Slack!
Find Me, and turn thy back on SubGenius Heaven.

DO **YOU** HAVE DIFFICULTY BEING "**BORN AGAIN**"?
 HAVE YOU TRIED **SO MANY** TIMES BUT JUST
 GO BACK TO BEING THE SAME OL' **SINNER**?
IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT! YOU HAVEN'T HAD...



FLEENER

TESTIMONY:



M.O. - HOUSEWIFE: "I WAS TIRED OF FAKING RAPTURE AT PRAYER MEETINGS SO I USED DIET-CHRIST. NOW I'M ANTI-DRUG, ANTI-PORN, RACIST AND PRO-LIFE!"



P.U. - JAZZERCISE INSTRUCTOR: "WHEN YOU'RE SEMI-ANOREXIC, LIKE I AM, YOU'RE JUST TOO TIRED TO LET JESUS INTO YOUR SOUL!! DIET-CHRIST LETS ME BE AN EXHIBITIONIST AND RELIGIOUS!"



P.T. - SURFER-COMPUTER PROGRAMMER: "I HAD DIET-CHRIST ON THE '200 CLUB' AND CONVERTED BEFORE MILLIONS OF PEOPLE. NOW I'M THE NEIGHBORHOOD CELEBRITY AND I'M STOKED!!!"

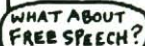
DON'T FORGET TO TRY...

Classic-Christ

...AND INTRODUCING...

NEW CHERRY-CHRIST
 FOR ALL YOU VIRGINS OUT THERE!

WHAT ABOUT
 FREE SPEECH?



LISSEN, DIET-CHRIST IS MADE THE AMERICAN WAY, BUD, AND WE GOT PLENTY OF FREE SPEECH, SO SHUT UP!!

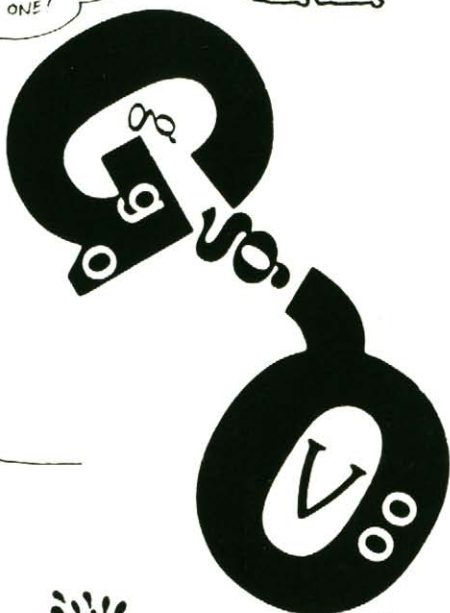
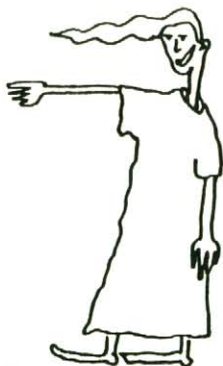


THOUGHT FREE!! NEVER HAD IT,
 NEVER WILL

TAMMY.

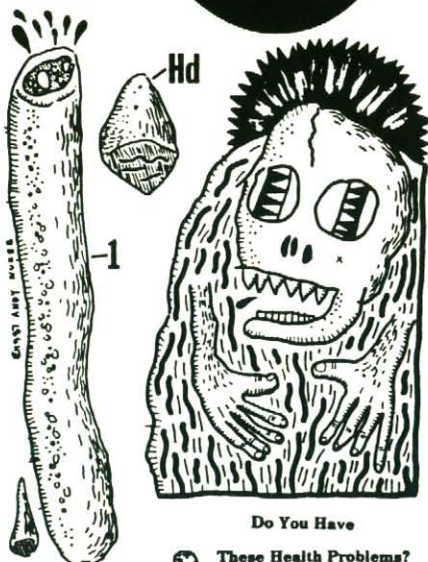
SAYS:

DON'T LET THE
LITTLE HEAD DO THE
THINKING FOR THE
BIG ONE!



©1987 Sam Phillips

THATS RIGHT, PIZZA
AND BEER FOR ONE,
TOXIC-GRAPE KOOL
AID FOR 950.



Do You Have

These Health Problems?

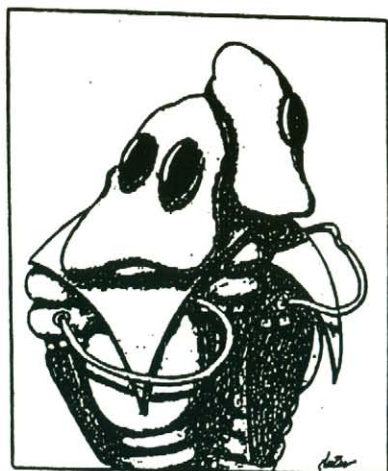
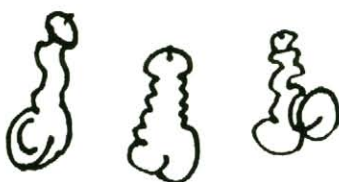
1. Frequent headaches
2. Loss of sleep
3. Neck stiffness
4. Pain between shoulders
5. Stiffness or pain in the lower back
6. Painful joints
7. Pain in arms or legs
8. Numbness in hands or feet
9. Cold hands or feet
10. Leg or foot cramps
11. Nervousness
12. Tension



SHOULD THE CLERGY DO MORE
THAN LAYPEOPLE?
SWAGSHEEP WANT
TO KNOW!



TEXT: MUMBLES
ILLO: BLASTER



EXPERIMENT

ADAPTED FROM A CONVERSATION IN POINT COUNTER POINT BY ALDOUS HUXLEY, 1929. ©1986, B.N. DUNCAN.

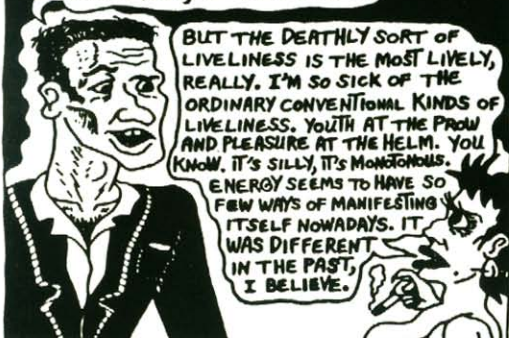
MAURICE AND LUCY HAVE PURSUED AND INDULGED IN SORDID PLEASURE FOR A LONG, LONG TIME...



UNLESS... I JUST GO ON CHATTERING.



DEATHLY, IF ANYTHING.



THERE WAS VIOLENCE AS WELL AS LOVE-MAKING. IS THAT WHAT YOU MEAN?



THERE ARE TOO MANY POLICEMEN NOWADAYS.



BUT IF NONE OF THEM ARE EITHER RIGHT OR WRONG—WHICH IS WHAT YOU SEEM TO FEEL—WHAT'S THE POINT?



EXPERIMENT.....

2ND PAGE.

THEY COULD NEVER BE VERY EXCITING IF YOU DIDN'T FEEL THEY WERE WRONG.

TIME AND HABIT HAVE TAKEN THE WRONGNESS OUT OF ALMOST ALL THE ACTS I ONCE THOUGHT WERE 'GOING TOO FAR'. I PERFORM THEM AS UNENTHUSIASTICALLY AS I'D PERFORM THE ACT OF RIDING THE BUS.

SOME PEOPLE... SOME PEOPLE CAN ONLY REALIZE GOODNESS BY OFFENDING AGAINST IT.

...BUT WHEN THE OLD OFFENCES HAVE CEASED TO BE FELT AS OFFENCES, WHAT THEN?... THE ONLY SOLUTION SEEMS TO BE TO COMMIT NEW AND PROGRESSIVELY MORE SERIOUS OFFENCES, TO HAVE ALL THE EXPERIENCES AS SHE WOULD SAY.

ONE WAY OF KNOWING GOD IS TO DENY HIM.

MY GOOD MAURICE! NO GOD-TALK!

I'LL STOP. BUT, REALLY, IF IT'S A CASE OF 'MY GOOD MAURICE', IF YOU'RE UNAWARE OF GOODNESS OR BADNESS, WHAT IS THE POINT OF HAVING THE SORT OF EXPERIENCES THE POLICE INTERFERE WITH?

CURIOSITY. ONE'S BORED.

ALAS, ONE IS. ALL THE SAME, I DO THINK ONE SHOULD PLAY ONE'S PART TO THE LAST.

BUT WHAT IS MY LAST?

MODESTY FORBIDS...

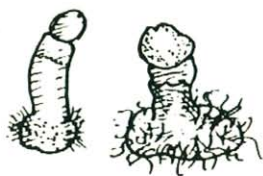
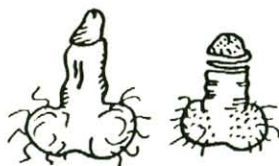
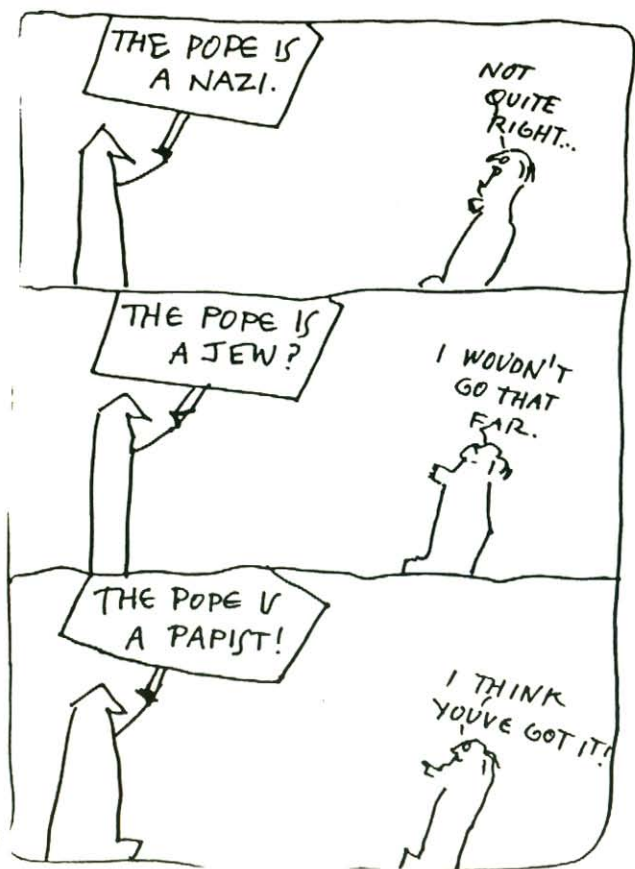
SHE KEEPS WHORING AND GETTING INTO WHATEVER LOOSE AND DANGEROUS EXPERIENCES ARE POSSIBLE—NOBODY GETS YOUNGER AS THE YEARS GO BY—SHE CAN'T STOP THE RACE SHE'S RUNNING, I CAN'T STOP THE RACE I'M RUNNING... AND FOR AN EXPERIMENT, THERE ARE, AH, FINAL RESULTS.

END.....



DOG GOT YOUR TONGUE ?!

A.1. WASTE
1-2



BAD TO THE BONE

AT THE PHYSICIAN'S

HA+DP

AT THE BEAUTICIAN'S



IN JAPAN:



IN KYOTO:

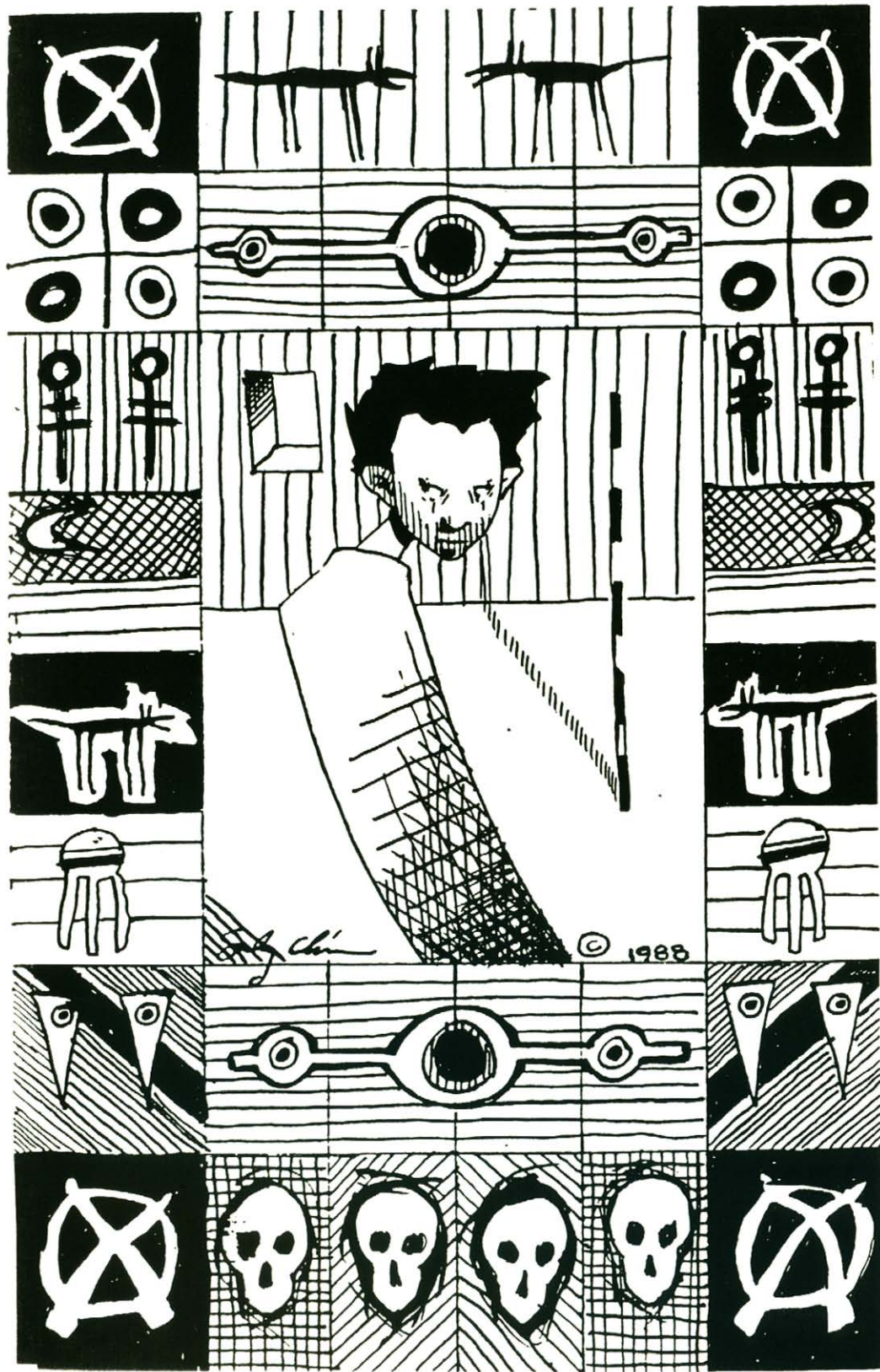


IN AUSTIN:



IN THE BARS:





Toby's Left Arm Led An
Alternative Life-style.



HEY KIDS, TAKE A RIDE ON THE GIBBET OF SIGHS!



SURE ANYONE

CAN TRY THE LATEST!

TAKE YOUR BELT

AND GET TO YOUR CLOSET

OR, SHOWER. WRAP A

TOWEL AROUND YOUR NECK

WITH YOUR BELT ON THE

SHOWER PIPE OR HANGER -

YOUR LEGS UNTIL YOU'RE

YOU LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS

AS OXYGEN LEAVES YOUR

AS YOU BEGIN TO COME, YOU'LL PASS-OUT

BUT, THE BUZZ IS TREE-MENDOUS! AND

DON'T WORRY YOUR LEGS WILL GO DOWN

TO THE FLOOR. BUT DON'T GET CAUGHT!

OR THEY'LL THINK YOU TRIED TO SNUFF-IT.

SO TRY YOUR HAND WHILE YOUR
A HANG IN' MAN!

RACK, LIFT
HANGING. AS
MASTERBATE!

THANK TONY, JOHN. © '85 MARGOT.

With each passing day, Donald was more
+ more tempted to cut the damned thing off!

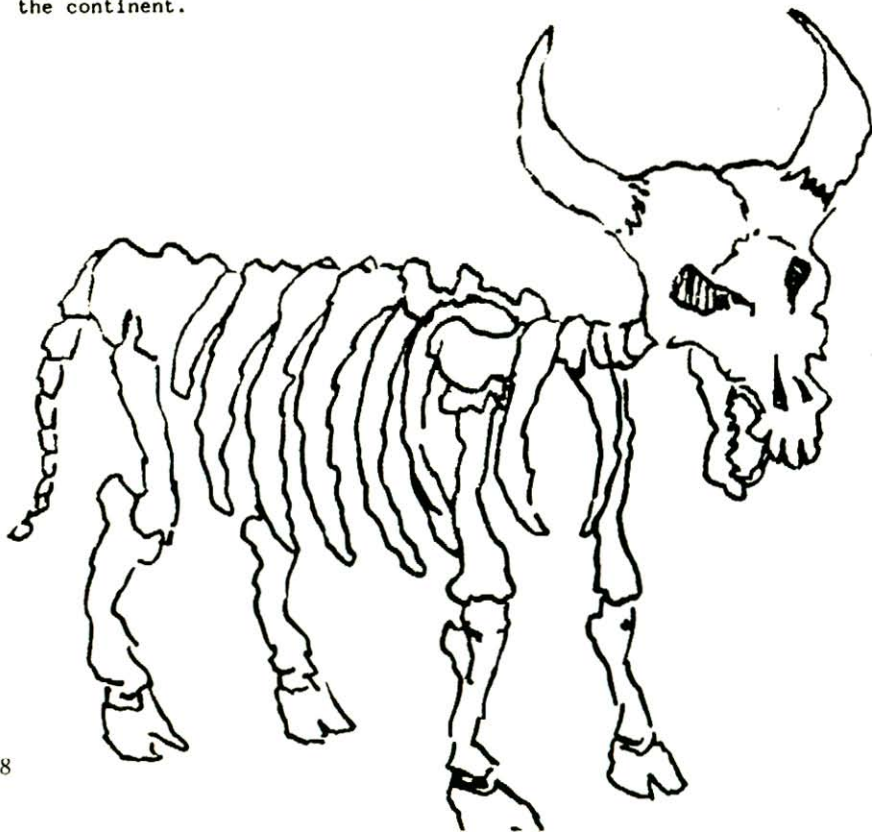


Air date: 8 September 1984

Why do the heathen rage?

Hangnails are one reason, according to a comprehensive monograph issued by the Bangs, Texas-based Bible Breeders Association. A preface penned by the project's coordinator, Sheridan's prolific pastor Dave Matt, notes that, while Christians are inordinately numbered among the victims of history's major outbreaks of bubonic plague, and while typhoons typically devastate their fair share of Bible-believers along with countless thousands of Buddhists and Moslems, life's minor catastrophes are the special province of the world's atheists, agnostics, and idolators. Young, urban Baal-worshippers--the so-called Yubbies targeted by the ill-fated Presidential campaign of Rocky Mountain mystic Gary Hart--are twice as likely to be short-changed by automated teller machines as African Episcopal Methodists and five times more vulnerable than Pentacostals. And Hart himself, as a recent People magazine portrait revealed, has been caught in the revolving doors of seedy hotels along Denver's Colfax Ave. an astonishing thirteen times in the last year alone.

In a probing chapter written by Matt protege Charles Colson, two high-profile conversions to Christianity are shown to have ulterior motives. John Z. DeLorean's profession of faith was brought on, not by the rigors of the cocaine inquisition prosecuted and ultimately bungled by operatives of rival automaker General Motors in the FBI and Drug Enforcement Administration; rather, DeLorean, already aware of GM's sordid reputation for leaky transmissions, got wind of a T-group at this year's Bohemia Grove conclave in which the company's board of directors all confessed to a leering Henry Kissinger that they were freethinkers and sodomites. Singer and video superstar Michael Jackson set his VCR to the twelve stations of the cross when informed that a primitive tribal group in Ethiopia who resist both the God of Abraham and their contemporary Marxist overlords to cling to their ancestral animism are afflicted with the highest incidence of laryngitis on the continent.



The Bible Breeders study was to have concluded with an appendix detailing the theory that the brimstone of prophetic poetry is now being manifested in our biosphere as acid rain. "The rain falls equally on the just and unjust," quips the Rev. Matt sardonically, "but I have to wonder: if Lady Liberty had spent a few more Sundays in a church pew instead of out there on the bay whistling at sailors, would she be undergoing a major overhaul right now?" Unfortunately for Matt and his colleagues, typesetting for the appendix was, through an oversight, contracted out to a Satanist, and it had to be removed.

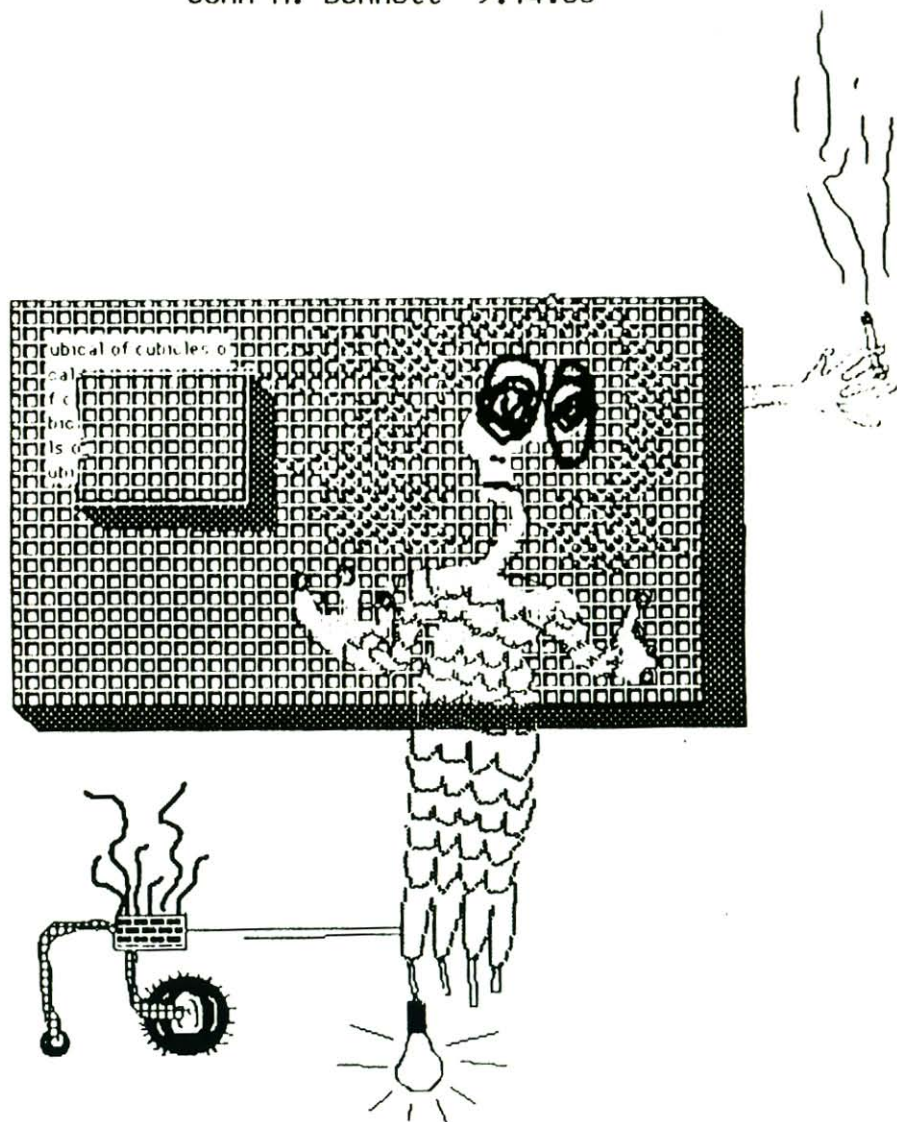




AQUARIUS

My pockets full of change like lids of
catfood cans I keep turning turning,
what's behind's just what's in front.
Blood drifts from my hands like
smoke underwater in a scummy pool and my
belly floats to the top with a rake.
What'll you drink what I drank when you wake?

© John M. Bennett 9.14.88



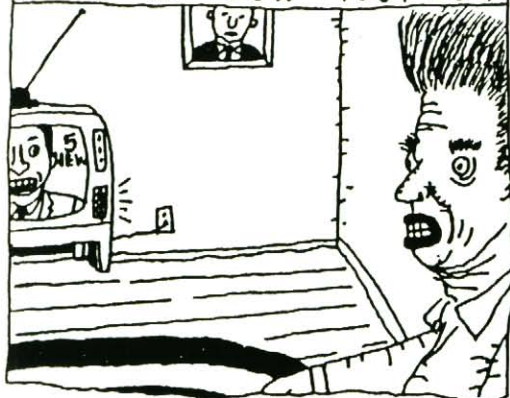
MISKOWSKI 8/88

The Adventures of ROY

© 1988

By
Jim
Conatser

Like my New Toupee?



I bought it yesterday at a garage sale.



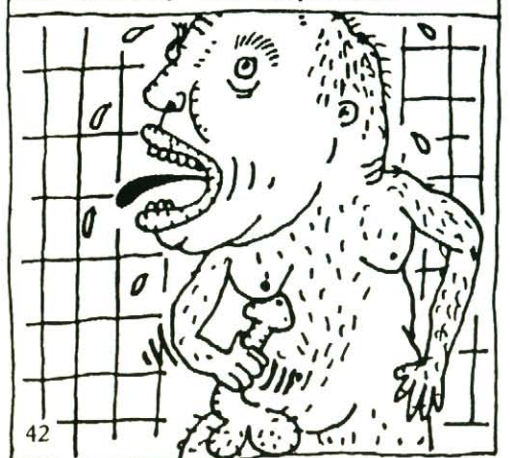
I feel so much younger.



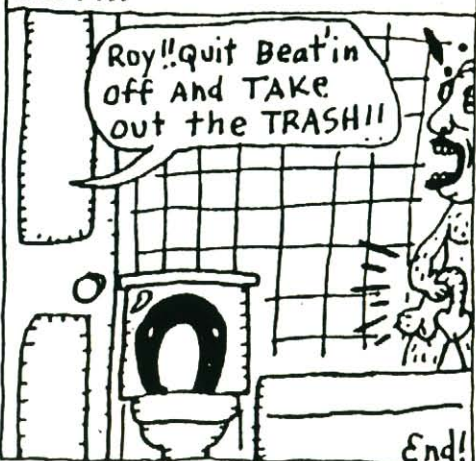
As Roy prepares to take a shower and retire for the night, he pauses to remember the day's events...



Roy's new toupee has made him feel brand new. He thinks about a female co-worker as he chokes his chicken...



... but Lust Loses it's grip when a familiar voice is heard outside the bathroom door...



End!



CULT

COMIX #1



CULT COMIX #2



OUR FATHER WHO ART IS HEAVEN.....

50¢ PER COPY

CULT COMIX #3



ALICE (FINDS)

CULT #4

COMIX



CULT

COMIX #5



CULTCOMIX8



HOWDY DODDY FOR PRESIDENT! BY ROBERTSON '88

CULT COMIX #9



MADE CONSPIRACY THEORY'S INSIDE!